

Prince Hood

SONGS, &c.

IN

LOCK AND KEY.



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SONGS, DUETS, AND
FINALES,

IN

LOCK AND KEY,

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A

MUSICAL FARCE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL,

COVENT-GARDEN.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

Mr. SHIELD.

1796.



Dramatis Personæ.

Brummagem,.....Mr. Munden.
Cheerly,.....Mr. Incledon.
Vain,Mr. Knight.
Ralph,.....Mr. Fawcett.

Servants, *Mess.* Linton, Street, &c.

Laura,.....Mrs. Serres.
Fanny,.....Mrs. Martyr.
Selina,Mrs. Costeele.
Dolly,Mrs. Norton.

Sailors, *Chorus*, &c.

LOCK AND KEY.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A Country House.*

AIR.—CHEERLY.

I.

THE star of eve, day's grateful close,
Guides weary labour to repose,
 Along the peaceful dell;
But not to me repose is near,
Unless that fairer star appear,
 That gives so sweet farewell.

II.

The shadowy night, on mantling wing,
Shall soon its downy treasures bring,
 While lulling breezes swell;
But not to me comes balmy rest,
Unless her voice my ear have blest,
 That bids so sweet farewell.

AIR. CHEERLY.

When Britain on the foaming main,
 Her native reign,
 Bids her sons their rights declare;
 Soon as her fires have taught the foe
 Again to know,
 Who their dauntless conquerors are,
 The sailor's bosom swells with joy,
 Beyond the glory to destroy,
 He feels the power to save;
 And, conqu'ring, views a foe no more
 In him, who fought his life before,
 But lifts him from the wave.
 Though Seas are rolling mountains high,
 Our boats we ply,—
 'Tis a fellow creature falls—
 See him raise his hands in fear,
 And wond'ring hear
 The cheering voice that life recalls:
 The sailor's bosom, &c. &c.

SCENE. *A Museum.*

AIR. RALPH.

A Woman is like to—but stay---
 What a Woman is like, who can say?
 There's no living with or without one---
 Love bites like a fly,
 Now an ear, now an eye,
 Buz, buz, always buzzing about one.
 When she's tender and kind,
 She is like, to my mind,
 (And Fanny was so, I remember)
 She is like to---Oh dear!---
 She's as good very near
 As a ripe melting peach in September.

If she laugh, and she chat,
 Play, joke, and all that,
 And with smiles and good humour she meet me,
 She is like a rich dish
 Of ven'son or fish,

That cries from the table, " come eat me ! "

But she'll plague you, and vex you,

Distract, and perplex you,

False hearted, and ranging,

Unsettled, and changing,

What then do you think, she is like ?

Like a sand ? like a rock ?

Like a wheel ? like a clock ?

Aye, a clock that is always at *strike*.

Her head's like the Island folks tell on,

Which nothing but monkeys can dwell on,

Her hearts like a lemon---so nice

She carves for each lover a slice ;

In truth, she's to me,

Like the wind, like the sea,

Whose raging will hearken to no man ;

Like a mill,

Like a pill,

Like a flail,

Like a whale,

Like an afs,

Like a glass,

Whose Image is constant to no man ;

Like a flow'r,

Like a show'r,

Like a fly,

Like a pie,

Like a pea,

Like a flea,

Like a thief,

Like---in brief,

She's like nothing on earth---but a woman !

SCENE. *An Apartment.*

AIR. LAURA.

An Orphan's voice thus humbly sues---

Ah ! will you never pardon, never!

Unyielding can you still refuse?

Shall pity's ear be clos'd for ever?

Ah ! no---

Say not "never!"

Say not "forever!"

In vain you tell me;

In vain compel me,

Love's pleasing anguish to forego :

The secret sigh my breast will heave,

Tho' words no more my pain discover ;

The silent thought will constant grieve,

The tear steal softly for my lover.

An Orphan's voice, &c. &c.

AIR. FANNY.

I.

E'er since I found true love beginning,
And thought his hand was worth the winning,
I call'd each little artful aid in,
To spare the question from a maiden:
 To wake or show
 When ask'd to go,
 I still denied
 All lads beside,
And pray'd of Ralph to carry me;
 It seem'd so pat, in tender chat,
To whisper, "Fanny, will you marry me?"

II.

In evening fine, and summer weather,
When o'er the fields we walk'd together,
Tho' I can trip it like a fairy,
I've oft pretended to be weary,
 Then leaning on his arm awhile,
 I sily ask him, with a smile,
I'm tired, pray will you carry me?
But, on the way, he ne'er would stay
To whisper, "Fanny will you marry me?"

SCENE. *A Cabinet.*

DUET. BRUMMAGEM AND LAURA.

Brum. When left to themselves,
Girls are mischievous elves,
There's no mortal can guess where they'll be ;
While they're out of your view,
Would you know what they do,
You must trust to a LOCK and a KEY.

Laura. By these my tears, by these my sighs,
Believe, how truly I implore !
At length let tender pity rise,
At length a guardian's love restore !

Brum. Hence, from me, baggage, I'll hear you
no more,
Duty alone can affection restore.

Laura. { Believe, how truly I implore !
Brum. { Go, go, I'll never hear you more.

FINALE.

CHEERLY, LAURA, BRUMMAGEM, RALPH, FANNY,
SERVANTS.

Ralph. Hift, hift ! all is fafe--you may venture
in now,
For my master's engaged with a stranger
below.

Fanny. Now, now's the moment ; nothing fear,
One who loves you, waits you here.

Cheerly. For moments to view thee
The transport poffeffing,
The foes, that purfue thee,
I value no more.

Laura. Thy faith while poffeffing,
This prifon's a bleffing ;
When conftant I view thee,
All danger is o'er.

Cheerly, { Thus hopes fond illufion thefe moments
 endearing,
and { In abfence ftill cheering,
Laura. { Our bofoms fhall own ;
 Here flame ever lighting,

Laura. Till duty,

Cheerly. Till pleasure,

Laura. Till love,

Cheerly. Beyond measure,

Laura. Uniting,

Cheerly. Requiring,

Cheerly, }
 and } Our conftancy crown.

Laura. }

Fanny. Hufh, hufh ! away ! away ! begone !
My master's coming---we're undone.

Brum. (*without*) Sure I heard this way a humming,
Fasten ev'ry door below.

Ralph. Hark! I hear old squaretoes coming;
Out the candles quickly blow.

Cheerly. Hark! I hear old squaretoes coming;
Which way, which way, shall I go?

Servants. This way, this way, you may go,
We'll remain, while you're retreating;
At the worst we fear a beating,
If he chance the truth to know.

Brum. What the devil's here a doing?
Not of light a single spark!
Mischief here is surely brewing,
While I'm blund'ring in the dark.

Brum. } Some one, near me,
and } Seems to hear me;
Servants. }

Brum. Ears are false, or—

Servants. Did you call, Sir?

Brum. Quicky answer—

Ralph. 'Tis your man, Sir.

Fanny. If the captain be detected,
We shall surely be suspected—

Brum. Varlets, you deceive your master!

Servant. We shall pay for this disaster.

Brum. Now the knaves I shall discover:
I suspect, I've caught the lover.

Fanny. I'm afraid the captain's caught.

Servants. Guilty we shall all be thought.

Brum. Ring the larum, bring a light here!--

Ralph. Then, Sir, hold me not so tight here!--

Brum. Is it you? I'm strangely puzzled.

Servants. If the mastiff be unmuzzled,
By his barking he'll betray
Captain Cheerly on his way.

Brum. At the door I'll flily stay.

Laura & others. } Cupid, now protect the lover,
} Guide him safely on his way !
O'er his steps propitious hover !

Brum. Here's a broomstick in my way.
Clear I see some trick is playing,
All my servants me betraying ;
I'll severely trounce ye all.

S'blood and thunder !

Servants. What's the wonder ?

We are ready,
Here to aid ye,

We came running at your call.

Brum. All betraying,
None obeying.

Servants. We are ready,
Here to aid ye,

Tho' we now your anger meet.

All. Still the lover's flight concealing,
All denying, nought revealing,

This { ^{good}
ill } fortune to complete.

ACT II.

SCENE. *A Hall.*

DUET. RALPH AND FANNY.

Ralph. Hey, dance to the fiddle and tabour !
And none shall have reason to laugh at
his neighbour,
Our wedding shall follow soon after,
Fal de ral, lal de ral, la.
Wits and Philosophers,
Scholars and Conjurors,
Statesmen and Ministers,
Judges and Counsellors,
Doctors and Barristers,
Bishops and Chancellors,
Great Dukes and Emperors,
Mitred and crown'd,
All have danc'd to the fiddle and
tabour,

Fal de ral, lal de ral, la.

Fanny. Hey, dance to the fiddle and tabour !
Welcome each lass, and shake hands
with each neighbour,
How little care I for their laughter !
Fal de ral, lal de ral, la.

Sunday and holiday,
Working and weary day,
Feasting and jolly day,
Singing the merry day,
Rainy or fair the day,
Never know care a day,
Happy we'll ev'ry day,
Live the year round ;
Dancing oft to the fiddle and tabour !
Fal de ral, lal de ral, la.

Ralph. I'm master, and rule house and table.
Fanny. I'm mistress, and you may rule me,
if you're able.
Ralph. Who's master,
Fanny. Who's mistress, we'll settle soon after,
Both. But now we'll sing fal de ral, la.
Ralph. I'll make you jealous,
And romp with the petticoats.
Fanny. I'll kiss the fellows,
And flirt with the pretty coats.
Ralph. I'll not submit to it.
Fanny. Yes, you'll submit to it—
Both. Spite of your wit to it,
I'll keep my ground.
Fal lal de ral, lal de ral, &c.

SCENE. *An Apartment.*

AIR. LAURA.

Could I bid the fond passion to cease,
Which so long ev'ry thought has employ'd,
Or could moments restore the soft peace,
Which the anguish of hours has destroy'd,
From my love I would cheerfully, cheerfully part,
But, alas! it lies deep, ah! deep in my heart.

AIR. BRUMMAGEM.

I.

Nobody came here last night,
 To put the whole house in a fright,
 While *nobody* saw very clear :
 My caution is useless, no doubt,
 If, every time I go out,
 There's sure to be *nobody* here.

II.

When vagabonds prow! at my gates,
Nobody takes care of my plates,
Nobody looks after my beer ;
 In vain all my anger and grief ;
 " Dear Master, who can be the thief !"
 We're sure there was *nobody* near.

III.

The paramour stealing away
 Creaking shoes will often betray,
 And the husband's in wonderful fear :
 " Who's there," like a lion, he cries,
 While his sweet little lambkin replies,
 " I'm sure it was *nobody*, dear."
 'Twas only the husband's wonderful fear,
 There surely was *nobody* here.

SCENE. *A Street in a Village.*

AIR. CHEERLY.

Come all ye jolly sailors bold,
 Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
 While English glory I unfold,
 Huzza to the *Arethusa* !
 She is a frigate tight and brave,
 As ever stemm'd the dashing wave ;
 Her men are staunch
 To their favorite launch,
 And when the foe shall meet our fire,
 Sooner than strike we'll all expire,
 On board of the *Arethusa*.

'Twas with the spring-fleet she went out,
The English Channel to cruise about,
When four French sail, in show so stout,
 Bore down on the Arethusa.
The fam'd Belle Poole straight a head did lie,
The Arethusa seem'd to fly,
 Not a sheet or a tack,
 Or a brace did she slack ;
Tho' the Frenchmen laugh'd, and thought it
 stuff,
But they knew not the handful of men, how
 tough,
 On board of the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France ;
We with two hundred did advance,
 On board of the Arethusa.
Our captain hail'd the Frenchman, ho !
The Frenchmen then cry'd out, hallo !
 " Bear down, d'ye see,"
 " To our Admiral's lee."
" No, no," says the Frenchman, "that can't be :"
" Then I must lug you along with me,"
 Says the saucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land,
We forc'd them back upon their strand,
For we fought till not a stick wou'd stand
 Of the gallant Arethusa.
And now we've driven the foe ashore,
Never to fight with Britons more
 Let each fill a glass
 To his favorite lass !
A health to our captain, and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew,
 On board of the Arethusa !

FINALE.

Laura. Dear Sir, a trembling bride forgive!
Still! in your favour let me live!

Brum. What! are you wed?

Laura. Behold the ring:
Your blessing to our pray'r afford!

Brum. What arms does Cheerly bear?

Cheerly. A sword,
To serve old England and his King.

Chorus. Dear Sir, a trembling bride forgive, &c.

Fanny, & } Dear Sir, your faithful slaves forgive!
*Ralph. } Still in your service let me live,
And with my mistress stay!*

Ralph. The arms I bear, you see, are two—
You may command all they can do,
So turn me not away!

Chorus. Dear Sir, your faithful slaves for-
give, &c.

Brum. Well, well, I know not what to say—
I fancy I must let you stay,
And must your faults forgive.
For titles wedded, or for love,
The wisest they at last will prove,
Who shall the happiest live.

Chorus. For titles wedded, or for love,
The wisest they at last will prove,
Who shall the happiest live.

F I N I S.



